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THE PEACEFUL PASSING OF JOE ROBINSON

by Lester Robinson

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In May 2007—while my father was dealing with an undiagnosed liver ailment—I had an inspiration to attend the *GATEWAY VOYAGE* program. Because I didn't have a clue why I wanted to go, I checked in with my close friend and fellow Dolphin Energy Club (DEC) member, Dr. Brian Dailey. He assured me that I would have “a great time.” I phoned the Institute and was able to register at the last minute for the June 2–8, 2007, *VOYAGE*. During my intake interview, I still hadn't figured out why I was there. Why would become obvious when I returned home to find my father, Joe, very low with a failing liver.

After going through the whole *GATEWAY VOYAGE* and learning to get to Focus 10 and some of the higher levels like Focus 15 and Focus 21, I was using the Energy Bar Tool and asking questions when I began to have disturbing feelings of sickness and death. Two days after I came home, my dad's friend Bob passed. So I figured, “That's what I was picking up!” But at the same time Dad's skin and eyes were getting more yellow [jaundiced], and I didn't have a good feeling about that.

After many tests, Dad got so sick that he had to go to the Lockport hospital, and I started sending healing energy to him. While Dad was in the hospital, I used a technique from a pranic healing class and put my hands on his liver and his kidneys. He felt the heat come through my hands into his body. I also used my pendulum as I'd done when Dad had Hodgkin's disease in January 2003. During that illness I knew he was going to get better. This time I wasn't sure. Back then I set the intention and we prayed together. Dad and I would say Saint Peregrine's cancer prayer every day, and I also wore the saint's medal. Now, I put the medal on again and worked on my dad's past, present, and future body and soul, asking his DNA to send healing energy through his body to regenerate it from the time of his conception to now. At the same time, I sent healing energy from God into his chakras to help his body recharge. I would put Dad's room and the whole hospital into a big healing energy bubble. Then I used a more complex structure—sending healing energy from the previous year (when Dad was healthy) to the present. At the same time, I was talking to Brian [Dailey]. Brian repeatedly said that

intention is everything. My intention was to heal Dad by sending the highest and best energy. My intention was also for people to come into my dad's life and help him to get stronger and better in his physical body.

Before the *VOYAGE*, I'd attended the March 2007 *Remote Viewing Practicum* and had learned how to send messages back to myself. Now, I started sending messages to my past self to warn my dad and even his doctor. I hoped that sending the healing message back could somehow change the timeline of his passing. But evidently when your number is up, your number is up. After Dad passed, I was talking about death with my friend Christian, a pathologist. Christian said he had seen people who should have died but didn't and people who should have lived but died. So when your number is up, you're going and there is really nothing to be done. There is, however, something more to do in relation to the spiritual body.

On my first day back from Monroe, seeing my father that bad was hard to take. The lady from hospice who came to our house said he wasn't going to make it, and when I went to bed I wasn't sure if he'd be there the next day. Lying in bed I did my meditation prayer and opened up everything: the DNA going back into the past, sending healing energy to the chakras, increasing Dad's vibration, covering his auric field so there were no leaks, and spinning the chakras to make them stronger. I did the same for myself and shielded so nothing transferred back to me. That night I made a circle of stones with healing properties around his bed. At the same time, I asked for the vortex energies of Sedona and other locations to encompass the room and to move from There to Here bringing healing energy into my father. The next day he was a little stronger. I talked to Shirley Bliley, the DEC Coordinator, and after that Dad was on the DEC healing list continuously. I faithfully sent updates on his condition.

Strangely, my father was—at the end—getting better. His skin started to heal and the ammonia was coming out. He was getting better but he ended up dying. That's a paradox, but there was improvement. In the last ten days of his life I really cranked up all the healing energy. Then between Focus 21 and Focus 49, I used an idea from Jeff who was in the *GATEWAY* with me. The technique involves "splitting" oneself at the higher consciousness level and continuing to split that Higher Self. I split myself into two, then four, then doubled that. I gave myself different assignments on the higher plane to concentrate the energy into my father and combined that with the energy of the DEC team, my mother, the nurses, and the doctors. The long line of healing helpers kept increasing. Between Focus 21 and Focus 49 many copies of myself were channeling healing energy into my dad, into my mom, and into me. I would do the Function Command for *HUMAN-PLUS* Options (we did some of the *H-PLUS*® exercises at the *VOYAGE*) and ask for different ways to heal my dad in the physical form. Ideas that I would never have thought of on my own came to me.

The physical therapist came out to help Dad sit up and get stronger. We had a sixty-day timetable because of his liver, which had probably been damaged in 2003 by radiation

treatment for the Hodgkin's disease. If Dad got strong enough for a biopsy on his lungs, he would be recertified for a liver transplant. We made a list, because goals were important to my dad. Out of twenty items, we did the first five. Then, three days before dying, my dad had a seizure while talking on the phone. In my mind a miracle was still going to happen now. He would come back to us. Then the hospice staff said, "No," and morphine was ordered.

At that point, I decided that if Dad couldn't get better then I would strive to make his passing a loving and joyful event. On the way to pick up my car from the repair shop, weird things started to happen. Realizing that my father was about ready to pass, I had put myself up at Focus 21 and continuously held that Focus level. My intention was to be on the other side when he arrived or to see him pass over. Coming down to the last twenty-four hours, I started to pace his passing. During the previous ten days I had set up a shield: anyone could come in and send healing energy to my father but they could not take him from the room. I was still concentrating on the healing-energy line and copying it to another sector in my higher consciousness in preparation for one humongous energy burst. Maybe firing one intense burst into my father would produce a true miracle. I did it. Nothing happened. It was time to remove the stone circles, the crystals, the four elements, and the shielding. Now there was an even bigger mission on the table. When the shielding came down, things got really interesting. While driving down the road in Focus 21, I could see a big white room, and it was as if a giant Polaroid picture was starting to develop. My grandfather and my grandmother were coming in and out of Dad's room.

On my way back from the garage I stopped at Wal-Mart and called my sister, Elise. I described the giant Polaroid picture that was developing and asked, "Am I going crazy? Is this normal?" Elise said she had sensed two people at the same time I did. So my grandfather and grandmother were waiting for Dad. Given what I saw, it seems that when someone dies their old reality falls apart and just dissipates. Then, when a soul returns to the Source, a new reality—maybe sharing some pieces with the old one—starts. My father's "new" reality was a giant repair shop—like his C-1 shop in a roundabout way but the shop There was huge with lots of cars and trains—things my father really liked.

I somehow opened up a doorway and then a really neat energy bubble formed around my father. The bubble extended all the way to the porch, where it leveled out. When I put the pendulum very close to my father's chakras, its circles were very, very slow, indicating that death was coming. When I set the intention for my father to have a healing, blessed passing, the bubble became an enormous conduit and engulfed him like a big, white light. At the same time I was shifting between my Focus 21 and my father's Focus 21. More and more of the Polaroid was developing. I asked to go to where my father was going. People were starting to gather to greet him. It was like being Here and There simultaneously and resembled the few times in meditation that I've had clear-cut pictures.

Knowing that my dad was getting ready to “jump” was scary and weird. My battle tactics changed. That Dad would pass with love and healing was now the main objective. I came out of Focus 21, Dad was given more morphine, and his friend Skip came over to wait. For five hours we talked about Dad and that’s when I sincerely stopped not wanting him to go. I was still wearing Saint Peregrine’s medal around my neck. I gave Dad a hug and kissed him. Then I went upstairs, took the medal off, and said, “I’m ready for him to leave.”

For the next few hours my father started spinning, spinning, spinning down. Dad couldn’t talk to my mom but over the last two days, I was able to get impressions from him. I’d hold my dad and lock in and my mother and I would send messages to him. I went up to Focus 21 and came “back” to whisper in his ear: “Your mom and your dad are waiting for you. You are going to a very peaceful place, a very loving and happy place. It’s okay. We’ve started the healing process.” At the end my father, my mom, my sister, my brother-in-law, and I accepted it, as well as Corky, the little dog. That’s when Dad was able to pass. Hypothetically, it might have been possible to keep Dad around for four or five more days. But shutting everything down and letting the gateway open felt like the correct decision. Only good was allowed to come through the gateway—no bad.

As Dad’s breathing and pulse rate were slowing down, my heart chakra began vibrating like crazy and making a buzzing sound. My father went. When he passed, the heart chakra just cut out. Nonphysical people were in the room. For a couple of minutes I hugged my dad; my mom went off to the living room to cry. I went into another room and found that I was still at Focus 21. Like doing a reboot on a computer, I reenergized myself and hopped over to a big area in Focus 21 where people were welcoming Dad. We gave each other a big hug. He told me he’d “made it” and he was safe. He was received like a rock star or some dignitary. It felt good to have contributed to a great passing with joy and love. My grandmother told me to return and take care of my mom and my sister because I was now the head of the household. It was like being at a concert in our park. My relatives and friends just moved me through the crowd.

After final hugs all around, my grandmother sent me back. I cut the connection and cleared myself past, present, and future. I dumped all the old energy out and replenished myself with positive energy. I did the ancient healing sound “om” to bring balance to my life. In a way I knew what had happened but at the same time I was clueless. My dad had died and my brain was like Swiss cheese. I went back to his room and talked to him and cried, hoping to wake up from a very bad dream. Before my mom went to bed she asked, “Did he make it?” “He made it,” I answered. She looked happier, and I felt good about easing Dad’s transition. I’d started with a grand plan for a miracle, finding a cure, and keeping him with us despite the cancer and the heart attacks. Maybe my job all along was to make sure Dad passed correctly. It was my toughest lesson ever to lose someone so close to me.

If I hadn't gone to *GATEWAY*, it would have been impossible to prepare my dad to "jump" and to make his jump the best possible. My father believed that everything has to have steps and plans, and I agree. So here is the way to help someone pass to heaven:

First, set your intention. Give them love, tell them that you love them, say a prayer for their soul and a peaceful journey, and help them set their intention for a very peaceful journey and passing. Since my dad couldn't do that for himself, I did it for him. Tell them that friends and family members are waiting for them on the other side. Tell them you can handle the loss when they are ready to go. You will miss them but you know that they are going to a better place. Send them love and happiness. Set the intention again that they are going to a better place. Tell them once again that you love them and thank them for all the love and help they have given you in their life. Let them go. Start the healing process and they will be able to pass to heaven.

The Hemi-Sync® training and the information being downloaded to me showed me just what to do. Knowing the process without consciously knowing the process was a bit scary, so I put my confidence in God and the Universe and simply said, "Make me do it right." In the end, Dad had a peaceful journey to the other side. Except for an auto accident and a bad relationship I probably wouldn't be telling this story. Sometimes you have to go through a lot of bad to get to the good, or guidance has to steer you on the road that you need to travel. The events I've described have brought me to a new level of understanding. It's hard to explain to other people what happened. Sometimes it's like part of myself was left There and part of myself is Here. In the end Dad was helped to heaven by my grandparents, me, my mom, my sister, and many friends and coworkers. My thanks also go to Brian, Shirley, and the Dolphin Energy Club. I could sit for hours and send gratitude out to the Universe. Maybe our story will help somebody else when they are dealing with the death of a loved one. I sure hope so.

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